

take back the smile and the night, take it all back (i wish i could) by makemelovely

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Angst, Break Up, Break Up Talk, F/M, Growing Up, Not every relationship lasts, Senior year, Teenagers, breaking up, just like me, short and bitter, teenage angst, title from why we broke up by daniel handler

Language: English

Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler, background Lucas Sinclair - Character, background Maxine "Max" Mayfield - Character

Relationships: Eleven/Mike Wheeler, implied Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-12-20

Updated: 2017-12-20

Packaged: 2022-04-03 14:55:02

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 531

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Eleven hands him his sweater, the one she had dug out of his closet all those years ago. She swallows roughly, smoothing down her skirt and straightening her shirt. Her hands are shaking, and Mike is looking at her with sad eyes and she hates when he does that. Hates when his lovely brown eyes aren't as lovely.

//or not every relationship lasts forever

take back the smile and the night, take it all back (i wish i could)

Eleven is not ready. She is not ready for the relationship she's been in since, like, seventh grade to end. There is something hard in her chest, and it makes it very hard to breath. Eleven breathes in, her hands fluttering anxiously around ears. She fidgets with her earrings, studs that Mike had bought her in sophomore year. She had loved them, kissing Mike in front of all their friends, siblings, and parents. He had turned as red as a fire truck, but it was worth the lecture from Hopper later. The red had really made his freckles stand out, and if there was one thing El loved it was his freckles.

She pushed the doors open, stepping into the lunch room. It had gone quiet, everyone falling silent to watch Eleven approach their table and subsequently Mike. They hadn't been popular, not exactly. Mostly it was just how long they had lasted. Nobody really expected them to make the distance except for their friends. Their friends had expected them to last forever, longer than the sun, even. "Hi, Mike." Eleven greeted nervously, dropping her bag and rifling through it. She nods at the rest of them, Will with his worried dark eyes, Max twisting her long red hair, Dustin chewing his oddly shaped chicken nuggets, and Lucas drumming his fingers on the table. Max reached over to silence him, grabbing his hand and blushing when their eyes met.

"Hey, El." Mike cleared his throat, his knee bouncing rapidly under the table. Eleven located Mike's sweater in her bag, and pulled it out.

Eleven hands him his sweater, the one she had dug out of his closet all those years ago. She swallows roughly, smoothing down her skirt and straightening her shirt. Her hands are shaking, and Mike is looking at her with sad eyes and she hates when he does that. Hates when his lovely brown eyes aren't as lovely. It had been raining, something Eleven couldn't stand. It always reminded her of that night, of the Bad Men. Benny's yellow shirt stuck to her skin, the smell of his blood stuck to her skin. Maybe that's why she hates the color yellow. "Here." Eleven says, the soft fabric moving from her hands to his.

He nods, oddly silent. "Thanks." He settles on eventually, his knee bumping against the table.

"You're-" Eleven starts to say before falling silent. "No problem." She settles on instead, sitting down and grabbing one of Max's sandwiches. "Ew!" Eleven frowns, glaring at the sandwich. "It's tuna." She explained, nose crinkled in disgust. Her face is crumpled into one of disdain.

Eleven and Mike spend the lunch period studiously avoiding each other's eyes. Maybe it's for the best.

All the memories they shared, down the drain. The ice-cream, the money, the time. All wasted. The science lessons, the hand holding, the arcade games, nights spent on the phone or walkie-talkie. All of it is worthless. It no longer matters in the grand scheme of things. It fucking sucks, but maybe they shouldn't have tried. Maybe they should have wasted their happiness on something that would last, like friendship. Maybe they shouldn't have fucked it all up.